

# INTER NOS

Vol. VI

March 1954

No. 1

## CONTENTS

Editorial .....	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
Roman Sketches .....	SISTER MICHELE MARIE
Mary's Year in 3-D .....	BARBARA SELNA
Wild Geese .....	CLARE GOSS
Mother is a Senior .....	WINNIFRED SHUTT
Scenes from Our Lady's Life .....	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
Our European Tour .....	MRS. K. C. CLEM
Alumnae News .....	

J. M. J.

### *Editorial*

Inter Nos on entering its sixth year of publication, is deeply appreciative of the cooperation and interest which make possible the Quarterly's continued existence. Appreciation is also due to the contributors who have sacrificed many free moments that their articles may be timely, interesting, and on hand for the printer's deadline.

Our December issue seems especially to have interested our readers, judging by an unusual number of favorable comments. Among these "Our European Trip" and "Maude" were in the front line. Recently we received notice of "Maude's" death, with the good tidings that she had become a Catholic during her illness. We have requested further details that can appear as an epilogue for a wellspent life, "loyal to the party," but crowned by loyalty to God.

During 1954—the Marian Year—an article on Our Blessed Mother will appear in each issue. In accordance with the wishes of the Pope, the daily recitation of his prayer to Mary Immaculate will make a fruitful and acceptable offering to her, for the one hundredth anniversary of the declaration by Pope Pius IX that this dogma is an article of faith.

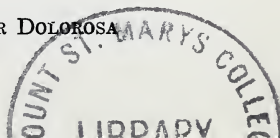
As the first issue of Volume VI appears in March, a reminder of St. Joseph's month may be timely. With love and self sacrifice, he gave heart and soul to the service of Jesus and Mary, until, heeding God's call, he left an earthly Paradise to await a happy reunion with them for eternity.

St. Joseph is the patron of the Universal Church, of the married state and family life, and of a happy death, as well as the powerful intercessor for the Holy Souls. He will hear our prayer in every need. Let us then, frequently and confidently honor and invoke him.

May God grant you all, as well as all the world His peace, "which surpasseth all understanding."

SISTER DOLOROSA

41778



## Roman Sketches

By Sister Michele Marie

### THE VATICAN

All students studying in Rome are arranged in groups of eight called a "Camarota." The head man is called the Camarota man. These eight men stay together for the whole school term. The Camarota man, if he is smart and interested in his job, can make it a good year or a bad one for his companions. He chooses all the spots of interest that they will visit that year. The others go where he has planned to go. At the end of the year the "head-man" makes a report to the Dean of the University of all the places his group have visited; he is praised for his foresight or shown how to improve it.

The average American tourist who visits Rome sees only a superficial view of the treasures that rest in the Vatican. A person could spend a life time in the Vatican library alone and merely brush the surface. To illustrate my point, there is a story told of three bishops who had an audience with the Pope. To the first bishop the Pope said, "How long have you been in Rome?" "A week, your Holiness." "And you've seen everything," said the Holy Father. "Oh, yes," was the answer. And to the second one the Pope asked the same question and the answer from the second bishop was that he had been in Rome one month. To this the Pope said, "and you haven't seen much have you?" The last bishop he spoke to was a resident of Rome for 25 years and when the Holy Father learned this he said to the man, "and you haven't seen anything of Rome, have you?"

### September 1953

We spent a month viewing the Vatican Museum. In one particular section are displayed the presents that Pope Leo XIII received on his 25th jubilee. Among these were two marble champaign glasses which stand 14 feet high and have a silver ladder for one to climb to the top of each glass. By merely whispering into one glass a person listening in the other glass one quarter of a mile away can hear distinctly what has been said. This gift came from Turkey. The Chinese sent him a desk made of teak and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Russia's contribution was a block of Siberian alabaster with the profession creed carved into it and inlaid with chipped diamonds. Turning down one corridor we came to an abrupt halt, for facing us were two of the fiercest looking Indians we had ever seen, pointing their bows and arrows at us. Later we found out that these Indians were the gift to the Pope from the United States and the finest specimens of wood carving in Rome.

### October, November, December

We spent our time touring St. Peter's. We noticed the diffused and changing light streams from the 290 windows set high in the

great cupola or the ten smaller surrounding ones. The soft sunlight mutes the marbles and tiles, glances off the old mosaics to shimmer on the altar pieces and polished prayer benches. Every corner has its hour—at one time during the day, a shaft of light pierces the gloom around some treasures of the church, making these for a brief moment more glorious than the others. We studied and admired the "Pietà." This may not be Michelangelo's greatest work but it rivals the sculptor's "Moses" and "David" for delicacy, outclassing them completely for harmony and spirit. This is the only example of Michelangelo's signing any of his masterpieces. He carved his name on the hem of Our Lady's robe.

Dizziness overwhelmed us as we peered into the four hundred foot dome, which is one vast gold mosaic banded with a great frieze. On the frieze running around the transepts and dome is written in five foot letters, "Thou Art Peter . . . and to Thee I will give the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. . . ." In their niches high above the visitors' heads are marble statues of the founders of various religious orders. Three of the most famous mosaics, "Navicella," "Peter walking on the waves to Christ" and "The Last Communion of St. Jerome" are in this basilica. As we approached the papal altar, little did we realize that we had traveled almost an eighth of a mile since entering St. Peter's. The Bernini Bronze canopy, which stands nearly 95 feet high, adds to the splendor of this marble altar. Next we visited the roof, which is no ordinary roof, for it wanders uphill and down. From the front balustrade beneath the feet of the huge saints' statues, we viewed St. Peter's square. However, the thought came to us—why do they call this St. Peter's square instead of St. Peter's circle, for it is enclosed by the curved arms of the 284 Bernini columns? From a certain spot in the square the columns, four deep, appear as one to the bystander. (Little does the casual observer notice that the Swiss guards hang their laundry behind these pillars).

We learned that St. Peter's itself is built on the site of Caligula's famous circus, where Nero staged his spectacles and martyred the first Christians. Peter the Apostle had been crucified and buried there.

### **January and February**

We spent our time just roaming around Vatican City. The amazing fact remains that the whole city could be crowded into an American 18 hole golf course. The world's greatest treasures are crammed into this dynamo. Among these treasures are: a Gutenberg Bible, replica of St. Stephen's crown, mosaics and reproductions of mosaics, "the Transfiguration," original paintings of Raphael, "The Coronation of Our Lady," "Transfiguration," books and priceless manuscripts, etc.

We certainly looked forward to these excursions. The longer we spent looking about, the more we found there was to see. We con-

clude that it would take the average man a whole lifetime to explore the treasures and all the splendors of Rome.

## THE CATACOMBS

If you have not seen the catacombs, many people might agree that you have not seen Rome, at least, what lies beneath Rome. But what tourist ever thinks of the real history of the catacombs? How many times are these underground burial places taken for granted; viewed and toured merely through curiosity or perhaps for the thrill of being able to say, "I went down into the catacombs"?

The catacombs are passages made out of *tufa*, natural rock, which were hewn out by fossores, those men who dug ditches and shelves with shovels and picks. If these ditches were stretched length to length they would reach 120 miles, nearly the distance between Los Angeles and San Diego. Ordinarily the catacombs were not connected, for they were usually private burial grounds; however, there are a few exceptions.

Originally the word catacombs (Greek *kata* and *kymbas*, "by the hollows") was a term first applied to a locality in a ravine on the Appian Way near the church of St. Sebastian. A subterranean cemetery adjoined the church which they called *catacombs* because it was located at the end of lower main street which was also called catacombs. Since then the name has been applied to all the underground burial places discovered in Rome.

During the persecutions the catacombs became the meeting places for liturgical purposes on account of the protection accorded them by the law. Under Valerian these assemblies were forbidden under the pain of death, and it was only then that the Christians tried to conceal the entrances to the various catacombs.

When the persecutions ceased, the catacombs became places of reverence, for many of the Christians died as martyrs in them. Different Popes, especially St. Damasus, did much to make the catacombs more accessible and to decorate their interiors. After persecution ceased, burial in the catacombs soon died out and entirely so with the sack of Rome by Alaric in 410 A.D. In the succeeding centuries barbarian invaders plundered and destroyed the catacombs, which led the Popes, especially Pope Paul I, of the seventh and eighth century to remove all relics of the principal martyrs and confessors. After the catacombs were abandoned, their very existence was hardly suspected until the close of the 16th century. St. Sebastian's was the one exception. It remained open, due to its connection with the apostles Peter and Paul.

Two catacombs deserving special mention are those of St. Calixtus and St. Sebastian.

ST. CALIXTUS—Those catacombs are named after Calixtus, who had charge of them before he became Pope in 218. They consisted of at least three separate catacombs which were gradually connected



together and are of special importance, for they contain the burial places of the Bishops of Rome. That they were discovered is due to De Rossi, who in 1849 found by chance a fragment of marble bearing the inscription NELIUS MARTYR. This served as a clue to him that the grave of Pope St. Cornelius must be somewhere near. His suppositions proved correct. Excavations were begun which brought to light the tomb of Cornelius and opened up the intricate world of the catacombs. De Rossi was lucky enough to find another piece of the marble slab which he had found earlier on which had been inscribed the beginning of the name COR and the title EP. (episcopus).

“Before visiting the catacombs, a small chapel is shown which was held in great veneration and dedicated in the fourth century to St. Sixtus, who was martyred while officiating at one of the altars in these catacombs, and to St. Cecilia, immediately above whose tomb it is placed. It is now known as the *cella trichora* from its three apses. Here at one time the remains of Pope St. Zephyrinus and of the acolyte St. Tarcisius were placed in a common tomb. Nearby is the entrance to the catacombs, which are reached by a stairway built by Pope Damasus (366-384) for the Christians of his time.”

At least eleven popes of the third century were buried in the room known as the *papal crypt*. The tombs of St. Anterus, St. Lucius and St. Eutychianus have been found with their Greek inscriptions, once the official language of the Church.

ST. SEBASTIAN, catacomb and basilica—are named after St. Sebastian who at one time served as an officer in the Roman army. He secretly counselled the Christians to keep firm in their faith. For this he was condemned, bound to a column and shot with arrows. He did not die. A young Christian lady nursed him back to health. Later he protested to the Emperor Diocletian against the persecution of Christians. This time he was put to death on the Palatine. Excavations have recently been made under the church which have brought to light a group of three *hypogei* or underground vaults and a Roman house. The paintings, sarcophagi, small articles, and inscriptions which have been found prove that the early Christians were one with Catholics today in venerating the truths and mysteries of Faith contained in the Apostles' Creed. Foremost in their thoughts were respect for the Holy Eucharist, prayers for the dead, and belief in a final resurrection. Symbols were used to represent these beliefs, such as, the fish, the peacock, and the dove.

In 817 the history of the Catacombs came to an end until they were rediscovered by accident in the 16th Century. Their most important and extensive excavating belong to our age and immortalize the name of John Baptist de Rossi.

---

<sup>1</sup>ROMA FELIX: H. O'Flaherty and J. Smit, published in Rome.

## Mary's Year in 3-D

By Barbara Selna

St. Augustine of Hippo is an apt lens to focus Mary's Year for us. His life, works, and influence as Doctor of the Church illuminate a telescope of three-dimensional analogies and contrasts with Mary Immaculate, Vessel of Silence, Mediatrix of all Grace.

The early life of St. Augustine is too universally "confessed" to need comparison with Mary, "full of grace." The contrast is borne out in God's address to each. To the proud philosopher God commanded: "Take up and read. . . . Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." Both are *commands to act*, for Augustine had to conquer his empire of self. Mary had been God's docile handmaiden throughout her life. Therefore He *invited* her to be the *patient* of His action: "Hail . . . Thou shalt conceive, for . . . the Spirit shall overshadow thee." Augustine needed to break his chain to the devil, for God preserved the natural law. Mary's vow, her chain to virginity, was preserved, and God willed to break the natural law.

This antithesis between action and patience illumines the difference between the Blessed Mother, the Silent Vessel, and St. Augustine, the most prolific of Christian writers. We are given only three utterances of Mary. The works of Augustine fill sixteen weighty tomes of Migne's *Patrology*. His genius flowered in natural and divine science: biography, history, philosophy, and theology. His theology included apologetics, dogma, moral and pastoral guidance, and exegetics. He excelled in the genres of polemics, oratory, epistolography, and homilectics, and he also wrote poetry.

Both Mary and Augustine filled their long lives with contemplation of the Word. Blessed Mother "kept all those things in her heart." St. Augustine turned his heart inside out. This personalism produced his peculiar genius: his communicative tenderness in leading others to Christ; his psychological insight into and conceptualizations of universal soul states; his love of Truth as a reality to be enjoyed and not merely as a doctrine to be learned.

Finally, the influence of St. Augustine as Doctor of the Church focuses a 3-D analogy of the Blessed Mother—the three dimensions of past, present, and future.

PAST: Our Lady embodied the Messianic yearnings of the Jews from Abraham to the Machabees. In her the hopes were fulfilled. Augustine unified the wisdom of a three-dimensional heritage. He synthesized Oriental and Western Christianity by refuting the Manicheans, assimilating Greek theology, and formulizing the concepts of his Latin predecessors.

PRESENT: St. Augustine wrestled with the problems of his own day. He developed the Latin theological vocabulary, coined words, and devised many doctrinal formulae which we still learn today. His illumination of the key issues of the Fall, Atonement, Grace, and Predestination merit him the title *Doctor of Grace*. He baptized Platonism in refuting the Manicheans, examining in particular questions on the nature of God and of evil. Hence he is the *Doctor of Good*. Finally, since his personality throbs on every page, and since he united abstract study with episcopal practicalities, he is pre-eminently the *Doctor of Charity*. Thus, St. Augustine is a living analogy of Mary, full of grace, Seat of Wisdom. Of course, Blessed Mother is the first Doctor of Charity, for "she kept all those things in her heart."

FUTURE: The influence of Augustine transferred the center of Christian theology from Greece to Rome. He thereby established the Church's doctrinal source in the Church administrative center. Augustine fathered the twin progeny of scholasticism and mysticism in the Middle Ages. The Scholastics fused his theology and philosophy; the Mystics infused his heart into theology. Augustinian doctrine has always been food for heretical weevils, including Luther, Molinos, and Jansen.

Returning to our comparison, we note that the Mother of God has been the occasion of arguments throughout the life of the Church. Also, just as the Bishop of Hippo brought the world to focus on Rome in 450, so also the Holy Father in Rome has centered 1954's world on Mary by consecrating Mary's Year. We pray that she will mother the twin prodigals—Russian atheism and Western materialism—back into the fold of the Church.

Thus we see Mary's year focused in the 3-D lens of St. Augustine. We have telescoped his life, works, and doctoral influence in a Marian analogy of Truth in past, present, and future. As Augustine focuses 1954, so also is Mary, Mediatrix of Grace, our focus for Truth—timeless Truth. Through her may we come to the Triune Deity: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## Mother is a Senior

By Winnifred Shutt

Until a few weeks ago, Mommy's exalted position in our household, as a senior anticipating graduation in the near future, seemed to have no rivals, but suddenly, and practically overnight, my position was eclipsed by the fact that the little one, quite unexpectedly, was to become a school girl, and take her place with the thousands of children who either start or return to school in September. It all happened so quickly, that we are yet hardly able to realize that such an important milestone has been reached. My husband and I had discussed the possibility of nursery school, perhaps for a few mornings a week. We chose a very lovely elementary school, Mary Mount Preparatory, and Nadene was accepted as a member of the preprimary class, which carries with it the responsibility of wearing the prescribed uniform dress—a navy jumper with a scalloped top, a white blouse with Peter Pan collar, and full, tremendously difficult to iron, puffed sleeves. With the purchase of blue and white saddle shoes, which looked enormous on her, the outfit was complete.

The day we bought the uniform, Nadene had been playing hide and seek among the rows of dresses outside the fitting room, and then, suddenly, there was the schoolgirl, complete with uniform, and looking like a completely different child. It seems hard to explain, but in the little pastel dress with organdy collar, she looked like a very little girl, a very young specimen of femininity, whereas, in the uniform, there stood undeniably a schoolgirl, complete, with confidence and an overwhelming eagerness to set sail on this wonderful new adventure, one which will continue in some form all the rest of her life. Mommy realized, as all mothers do at this particular time, that the cherished babyhood of our child had been left behind, sooner than we had expected.

Going into the nursery that night to put out the tiny merry-go-round lamp, which almost imperceptibly revolves, and, observing her asleep in that deep contented sleep of childhood, Mommy said to Daddy "The schoolgirl is in the Land of Nod awaiting the big day." How very little she looked holding her favorite rag doll, "Mary Jane," which, by the way, is really a Raggedy Ann.

Promptly at the appointed hour, she was up and wondering how she could ever wait until time to go; but the time came, and, tense with excitement, radiant with anticipation, and carrying a tiny suitcase containing a small doll complete with wardrobe, the schoolgirl entered the portals of learning, and was on her way. Reflecting on it, Mommy wondered how one small child could contain that much happiness, and still carry on, knowing that great joy and happiness are as difficult to accept and withstand as great sorrow.



It's just a coincidence that we all leave the house at about ten to eight, in the morning. Daddy teaches the sixth grade in a new school in a canyon high in the mountains. Breakfast is a rather rushed affair, but completely happy and satisfactory, as it suits us, and we are used to it. In the beginning, Mommy would prepare for Daddy a complete breakfast of orange juice, eggs, toast, jelly and coffee, and was confident he would be off to a successful start with the correct number of calories, etc. What actually happened was that he hurriedly ate the toast, drank the coffee, announced he had never cared for much breakfast and suggested Mommy eat both breakfasts, so an adjustment solved the question. Mommy makes the coffee and starts everything, has her orange juice, soft boiled egg and coffee; then serves Daddy's meagre meal. A sample sheet from our daily ledger may show the hectic atmosphere, in which mother adjusts her mind to her first class—one in Education 200.

My young daughter, Nadene, was standing in the door way saying, "Mommy, it's raining. It's all wet." Mommy was balancing a heavy load of books on one arm, in the only possible way to get them into the car in one trip. Her left hand, under the books, is securely holding an ink bottle. Her right hand is precariously balancing her purse on top, and tightened to hold the car keys. From past experience, they are the most important item to be remembered, because once Daddy drives off to teach school, there is no way to reenter the house or drive the car and so the keys are held very tightly. Daddy calls from the porch that he's going and does Mommy have her keys. She does. "Oh, no," says Mommy, "the weather man said no rain. . . ." Carefully setting the heavy load on the table, books, ink bottle, purse and keys, Mommy runs into the hall to the coat closet to find her plastic boots and the umbrellas. It is already a few minutes past the time we must leave to reach each of our respective schools on time, and each minute is making us falter. A quick survey of the cupboard reveals no sign of the needed articles. The violin is carefully removed, which causes two hats, used only on Sunday, and which had been balanced on the shoulders of coats, fall on her. Quickly replacing them, various things are tossed on the floor. Mommy runs to the front room for the flash light, directs the light onto the dark floor, and the hats fall on her again. A few road maps, old school annuals, and magazines scatter about, but there are the rubbers and umbrellas. Mommy thinks of Fibber Magee, and realizes all must be left on the floor until her return. No time now to pick everything up. "Hurry, Mommy, we're going to be late," from the front door. Mommy sits on the sofa and pulls on her boots. Nadene's shoes, rubber soled, can be worn. Triumphant but a little weary, a quick trip to the car deposits the rain gear. Another quick trip up eight steep steps to the dining room table, and Mommy picks up her books, ink bottle, purse and car keys, pulls the door shut, and dashes to the car. The little red and white rubber pumps are too hard for Nadene to put on, so Mommy leans sideways around

the books, and pulls hard working them on over the resisting oxfords. We're off. The wind shield wipers click back and forth, the rain splashes on the car, and Nadene sings a little alphabet song, to the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," which they must be learning in school. We reach her school. She hurries upstairs to her room and touches in passing her honey colored little desk, with a pride of ownership. This is her desk for the year. Because Mother had to make an eight thirty class, the little one had to be left at the school before the arrival of her classmates. On that first day she was given her choice of a desk. Hers is in the front row. She puts her new hat, a navy sailor, with long corded ribbon in the back, and her sweater, in one of the little wooden cupboards at the back of the room. Also, there are her little white cherished ballet slippers, a recent possession, because there were so many things to get at the start of school.

Mommy glances at the clock over the door, hurries to the windows, and adjusts the Venetian blinds to let in a little light so early in the morning. If there are a few moments to spare, Mommy glances around the darling little room, and, having been submerged for the last few years in education courses, on how to trim bulletin boards and class rooms, is keenly aware of the colorful decorations. Seeing a white haired lady in a black dress and high hat a la Halloween, soaring through the air, Mommy exclaims. "Look at the Halloween witch, riding her broomstick." "Why, Mommy, that's Mother Goose," and so it was, Mother Goose seated on a goose flying through the air, with all the nursery rhymes grouped around her. Mommy runs out to the car and drives for ten minutes along a delightful canyon road which eventually turns into a winding ascent to the top of a mountain, crowned by Mount St. Mary's College, on one of the most beautiful campuses in Southern California.

On Tuesday and Thursday afternoons Nadene and Mommy both attend Sister Dolorosa's Philosophy class. Nadene's pre-primary class is dismissed at noon every day, and the only class Mommy has in the afternoon is philosophy, so, at the opening of school, it had been prearranged that the little one would have lunch with the kindergarten class, and remain with them, as a visitor, until Mommy came for her. Mommy was delighted, thinking the one main hurdle had been cleared, and everything had worked out beautifully, forgetting "the best laid plan of mice and men, etc. . . ." After one Tuesday, it was obvious that almost six hours was too long for the little one in a new environment, and, when Mommy couldn't think of a way out, Nadene offered a solution. "Let me have lunch with you at Mount Saint Mary's, Mommy, and sit beside you in the class. I'll be very good." "But, honey, there aren't any little girls up there. They are all grown-ups in the class, and you would have to sit still for a long time, almost an hour, on a big chair where your feet won't reach the floor. You will get very tired, and you

can't say one single word, just like in church. If you do, they won't let you stay." So Nadene agreed to all of it, and has kept her word.

Mommy has an art class until a little after twelve, then rushes down the hill to Mary Mount, visualizing Sister and Nadene waiting for their lunch. I find her either sitting in her seat with her hat on waiting, or "helping" Sister put away the crayons, etc. We hurry up the hill to be back in time for lunch, which we usually obtain only a few moments before the little window is closed. Mommy draws the drapes aside and the two of us, the only occupants in the cafeteria, sit in front of a window opening on a garden patio, and enjoy a leisurely lunch. At first, we hear the sound of hurried voices and footsteps on the way to assembly, and then suddenly it's very quiet, and the patio becomes the little bay of Monterey or Lake Tahoe. Nadene is intrigued with the stamp machine, having watched it refilled once, and occasionally procures stamps. In warm weather she plays in the patio, and at present she loves to sit on various sofas in the lounge. Then to the philosophy class where we sit in the front row. Nadene walks up to Sister Dolorosa at her desk, and asks for her little book, which is a little colored picture book of animals, giraffes and kangaroos etc. which Sister keeps for her in the drawer of her desk. Nadene looks at it during the class or puts it under her chair. We thought that she might get tired of the same book, but evidently not. Sister gives her a little tablet of paper and a pencil, whereupon she returns to her chair and quietly entertains herself for the period. As the class takes notes, Nadene is busy taking "notes" too, which consist of filling pages of the tablet by printing the alphabet and the numbers, her name, address, and phone number, and occasionally she draws a little castle similar to one in her book. She is learning the alphabet and numbers in school, although her grandparents had taught her quite a few before school. Daddy was surprised lately when she said, "Oh, Daddy, that's "Tide," and another time, "Surf," (soap powder, which has been learned by watching television commercials). Occasionally she sits Indian fashion, and, evidently, is quite contented. Once when Sister asked how many had read the Iliad, Nadene was the first to raise her hand.

As soon as the class is over, Nadene returns the books and pencils to Sister, has a little private conversation, known only to them, and soon we are driving quietly down the hill toward home. At Sunset Boulevard as we see the school bus, she exclaims "There's my school, Mommy." Then later, winding through the residential section, "Oh, Mommy. I do like Sister Dolorosa. Sister is so-o-o-o-o nice to me."

So many people ask when I study and do my homework. The answer is: late at night, and at odd times during the day. The best time is after Nadene goes to bed, when I usually study until about one in the morning, and, during mid terms and finals, I get up

around five and study from five thirty or six until seven. During a busy time at college, I do the essential things at home, washing ironing, etc., but, after the tests, I concentrate on my home and getting a little ahead with extra things like sewing. Today I washed my car with the hose, and it was such a lovely day that I watered the front and back lawns with the hose, and noticed the flowers. I haven't had time for several weeks to do that. As I'm a pianist, the time allotted for practicing is while the dinner is cooking. I put the dinner on, and my husband calls when it is ready. The television is a few feet from the piano, but Nadene turns Webster Webfoot louder, and I play very softly. At one time I practiced seven to nine hours daily, but now, a short period is enough to insure a retention of finger technique.

Some of my fellow students have observed that they have difficulty getting things done, and haven't the added responsibility of a home, but, in some ways, there are many advantages which the mother has. Her life is completely settled. She has her vocation. Obviously her home and family come first, and, by attending college, she is working toward a direct purpose, and is quite willing to spend almost every evening, studying. Study is stimulating and challenging, and, personally, I feel that the fact that it has been possible for me to attend college is a beautiful spiritual gift of inestimable value, and, if I teach, as I hope to do, I shall try to share it with everyone.

## WILD GEESE

By Clare Goss

*The sea stretches calm and clear  
Towards the fiery pinwheel in the West,  
Mirroring an orange streaked sky  
That fades to pink even as we watch,  
While far out a colored mist surrounds the island's peaks  
Bringing floating grandeur to their rugged bleakness.*

*We sigh, content with this perfection expecting nothing more  
But God is good and blesses our vigil with reward  
High up and silent comes winter's first reminder  
Moving swift and free toward a southern goal  
Brown bodies silhouette above us in converging lines  
Then disappear as quickly as they came  
Seen only by those few whose eyes dare leave the ground.*



## Scenes from Our Lady's Life

By Sister M. Dolorosa

### I

#### THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

The census completed, many wealthy Israelites hastened to escape the monotony of Bethlehem. Blinded as they were, by materialism, they failed to see in their midst the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Day Star from on High.

Joseph and Mary are content to linger in the City of David. In exchange for labor, the skillful carpenter soon secured a simple cottage, which, as they carried their treasure across the threshold, became the tabernacle of the Most High; a heaven upon earth, for the Holy Family.

The days passed quickly, and soon the time approached for Mary to present herself in the temple, to redeem her First Born, and to perform the ceremony of purification. What a test of the virtue of Joseph and Mary! To offer God Incarnate for redemption, as an ordinary infant! To class the Virgin as just another mother, from whom purification must remove a legal stain!

Mary would not avail herself of her privilege of dispensing herself and her child, lest scandal might result, in a lessening of respect for the law. Rather, the opportunity of humbling themselves before God and before men was welcomed by the mother and foster father of Emmanuel. Their little Son had taught them His plan, in his choice of a birthplace. Poverty was his treasure, humiliation his joy.

No miracle provided for the poor carpenter the ransom offering. Five shekels and two turtle doves were earned by gruelling toil. The treasure of the Magi was still crossing Arabia's sands, as Mary and Joseph set out on their two hour journey to Jerusalem.

Arriving at the temple court, they ascended the steps, mingling with the crowd, which jostled them aside with contempt, as each man sought precedence for himself.

Within the sacred enclosure, stood an aged man, resting on a pillar of porphyry. The years had sapped his strength, but could not dim the expectancy of his eyes. Glancing toward the open door, he was startled by a shaft of sunlight which seemed to descend from heaven and envelop three travellers entering the golden portal. Trembling, he watches them approach the High Priest, and make their offering. Love lights up the face of the young mother as the Child is given back to her. As they turn to go, Mary's glance is arrested by the eagerness on the face of the aged Simeon, who stretches out his trembling arms. Graciously she offers the glory of Israel, to

his embrace. A moment of heavenly rapture, while fervent gratitude pours forth in Simeon's "Nunc Dimittis." Then he returns to Mary's arms her treasure, adding his gift, the promise that a sword shall pierce her heart.

Slowly they leave the temple. The shaft of sunlight has faded, and aslant the marble pavement lies the shadow of a cross.

## II

### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

The Magi came, bearing gifts, myrrh for a suffering man, gold for their King, frankincense for their God. Priceless treasures in return were given to them in that little house where they had found the Child with Mary His mother. The Wise Men increased in wisdom beyond their fondest dream, in the happy hours during which they companioned with the earthly Trinity.

Then the farewell, as at dawn they must be on their way to Jerusalem to tell Herod where he could find the new born King. Kneeling they kissed the little hands and feet in loving adoration. His eyes looked deeply into those chosen souls; His grace enveloped them as a garment which would shield them forever. With one last glance at the child, they make deep and reverent obeisance to Mary and Joseph and were gone.

Night had already fallen, Joseph was weary from toil, and Mary from her ministrations of charity, relieving the wants of the poor of Bethlehem from the generous treasure of the three Kings. Gratefully they sought the rest the night would offer. Suddenly as a flash of light an angel appeared to Joseph as he slept. "Arise and take the Child and His mother, and fly into Egypt, for Herod seeks the life of the Child to destroy Him."

Joseph, terror stricken, gently roused Mary, soothing her fears as he told her of the angel's message. At once they prepared for a long and difficult journey,—a few small loaves, dried fruits, a water skin, filled freshly from the wayside well.

The ass was saddled, and, scarcely daring to whisper, the Holy Family set out. Mary with her child pressed protectingly against her breast; Joseph armed with a frail staff, but a stout heart. Both ready to defend their treasure even at the cost of life.

Hugging the shadows, they stole out of Bethlehem, while Judean stars looked down in pity on the fugitives. On and on, over rough and stony paths, they hurried in the night. Each falling leaf or crackling twig caused them to crouch in fearful suspense. Was that a hoof beat—the clang of soldiers' armor? Reassured by silence, they encouraged each other with the angel's words, "Be there (in Egypt) until I shall tell you."

At times, halting for an hour of rest in some secluded glen; to drink from a mountain stream or buy a loaf at an obscure cottage door, they slowly covered the miles leading through a vast expanse of desert. God's rising sun gleamed on the minarets of Egypt's pagan temples.

Dust-stained and weary, they entered the city gates and halted in the shadows of the temple of Osiris. Suddenly a tremor, then, crashing to the ground at their feet, the great stone idol splintered in the dust, paying unwilling homage to the one true God. In the general consternation, the Holy Three were shielded from notice by their lowly poverty. Quietly they left the scene, hastening through unfrequented alleys until at last they found a poor abandoned hut,—at best a shelter from the desert's heat by day, and its chilling winds by night.

Jesus was saved. Mary and Joseph rested content in the Father's will.

### III

#### THE RETURN FROM EGYPT

The mystery of silence surrounds the life of the Holy Family in Egypt. St. Luke, writes vividly of the things which Mary ponders in her heart, yet makes no mention of their flight. They went into that strange idolatrous land, at the Heavenly Father's command; they lived there as long as it was His will. They were happy and at peace. Spiritual comfort abounded, but there were also human joys. The baby face and form showed from month to month more definite contours. Strength developed in those tiny limbs, smiles lit up His eyes in recognition of His loved ones, and one day came the first step—the first spoken word. Was that word "Abba—Father," or did He lisp His mother's name? The mystery of silence!

St. Matthew tells, that when Herod was dead, an angel appeared in sleep to Joseph, directing him to return to the land of Israel, as those who sought the Child's life were dead.

Some think that Jesus was then two years old; some judge Him to have been five or even seven. No matter what His years, the presence of the Child brought its own particular difficulties in their second desert crossing.

As they approached the southern border of Palestine, the sight of their native land, and the thought of the journey's end, brought cheer. That night's halting station was marked by another angelic visit. While Joseph slept, the warning came to avoid the road to Jerusalem as Herod's son, Archelaus, cruel as his father, was reigning king of the Jews. The Child's life would be safeguarded by the despised obscurity of Nazareth. Again gripped by sudden fear, they turn aside from the caravan route to follow unfrequented ways, leading to their former home. Thus once again, Nazareth, "the

flower" blessed by the presence of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, is raised to Heaven's heights.

Here the child grows in wisdom and age. New boyish charms develop day by day, interesting and lovable characteristics gladden Mary and Joseph, as they cherish and train their little Son, while worshipping Him as their God.

As His mother weaves a tunic for that sturdy growing frame, the Child at times, sitting at her feet, models birds of the pliant clay, for her who so loves the birds and all God's creatures. Her kiss on the little fingers offering the gift is one of adoration, for Him, who with a word, could give life to the modelled form. How great their joy in teaching Him to read the prophecies! Eagerly He studies; eagerly He shares the household tasks, drawing water from the well to spare His mother's steps, sweeping the shop for Joseph, and little by little learning to plane and saw, while the neighbors wonder at the beauty of the carpenter's Son, for the grace of God was in Him.

## VI

### THE THREE DAY'S LOSS

The Pasch is now drawing near when Joseph as a good Israelite must prepare for his yearly visit to the temple. Jesus has reached his twelfth year, the age when boys came under the obligation of the law, so He goes with his parents to Jerusalem. Happy journey, with Jesus for company! Did anyone in that crowd of Nazarenes sense in their midst a presence not of earth?

As the pilgrims reach the brow of the hill over looking Jerusalem, a blaze of sunlit glory meets their eyes—the blinding beauty of the golden temple dome rises above the marble walls, warming the courts and the minarets of the roof; more glorious than that of Solomon, because of a Boy who will enter its gates that early morning in Spring.

The rapt ecstasy of Heaven fills those days in which Jesus, Mary and Joseph, adore, and give thanks, before the veil which shields from profane view, what the Jews call the Holy of Holies. Too soon that blessed time comes to an end. The companies depart for Nazareth at early dawn. Mary's unselfish heart is happy that the Boy is cheering the long miles as Joseph's sturdy comrade. Joseph is glad that Jesus makes the journey easier for Mary. Then twilight comes, night falls, and family groups begin to come together.

Mary's gaze watching for her two beloveds, grows startled as Joseph approaches alone. Hastily they inquire among relatives and friends. All had noticed Jesus in the temple. No one has seen him during the day's journey.

Tired and footsore, the worried parents start back toward the



Holy City. They inquire of every traveller on the way. They search the temple, the streets and houses of Jerusalem. "He is not here." "He is not there." "Heavenly Father, take care of Him! Give Him back to us, if it be Thy Holy Will!"

Failing in every search, on the third day Mary and Joseph return once more to the Temple. As they approach the court where the Doctors of the Law hold disputations, the music of His voice breaks on the mother's ear. He is there, in the midst of those elderly learned men, who, questioning, are astonished by the wisdom of His answers.

An instant His wondering mother hesitates. Then, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

Who knows better than He their sorrow, their weariness, their heartbreaking worry? He has been with them all those dreary days. Does He comfort them now? No. "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

His Father's business! Before time began to be, in the far mysterious reaches of eternity, the Ever-Existing Three in One, willed a creature, to be made after the image of God. In the flash of that willing, the Word took on Himself the care of the business of the Father.

In the only temple dedicated to the one true God, Jesus at the age of twelve, publicly begins to be "about His Father's business," questioning and answering Israel's learned Doctors of the Law. Then the Boy goes back to Nazareth, with the mother and father, who had sought Him sorrowing. He may have soothed their hearts by showing them, more intimately His Father's will, but reading their inmost souls, and seeing they were entirely His own, He may have kept that revelation for the increase of their glory in Heaven.

"How is it that you sought me? Did you not know?"

"And His mother kept all these words in her heart."

## Our European Trip

### MY DIARY

By Mrs. K. C. Clem—An Alumna

August 4

We left Milan at 8:30 a.m. and boarded our bus right in front of the old Sforza castle. The early morning ride was lovely; we followed beautiful Lake Como's eastern shore. This is beautiful country. We passed many wayside shrines and hundreds of tiny villages, each with its church in the centre. Along the shores of the lake we could see women and girls doing their washing, pounding the clothes on stones, then spreading them on nearby shrubs and bushes to dry. Our drive took us up through the Stelvio Pass, the highest in Europe. When we arrived at the top it was bitter cold and raining, so we stopped long enough to have chocolate and coffee-creme at the Alpine Inn. As we came down, a giant rainbow appeared and seemed to form a bridge to the next peak. A truly magnificent sight.

The sides of the mountain were covered with wild-flowers, mostly dainty blue forget-me-nots. In the distance we could see huge glaciers. We had two very fine drivers; one would drive, the other acted as look-out, and at times would walk through the bus reassuring the passengers. We came down the mountain at a terrifying speed, and the Italian passengers were vociferous in their fear. They had probably done this sort of thing before. We were too scared to make a sound, just held on for dear life, closed our eyes at the hair-pin turns and offered mental prayers to our Guardian Angels. We arrived in Bolzano at 7 p.m. and were all mighty glad to reach the bottom of another mountain.

We were expecting my cousins to meet us at the bus terminal, but no one was there, so we went to our Hotel, the Laurino, again a very fine hotel, and our rooms were very large and beautifully furnished. I disgraced the family by getting caught in the revolving doors, the dizzy heights must have affected my equilibrium because I kept going around and around and couldn't seem to find the exit. K. C. finally managed to snatch me out and every one in the lobby (including my own dear family) was roaring over my predicament.

We had a lovely dinner on the terrace and took a stroll through the city. Bolzano is quite a large city and a railroad centre. It was heavily bombed and its beautiful cathedral almost completely destroyed. Both Italian and German are spoken here and the shops have signs in both languages. All this country belonged to Austria before World War I, then it was given to Italy. Mussolini sent thousands of Italians up here to repatriate this section, but the customs, cooking and people are predominantly Austrian. It was quite warm and sultry, a strong hot wind came up, and we hurried back to the hotel just in time to miss a heavy summer downpour.

**August 5**

Still no word from any of my relatives, so after breakfast we hired a car and driver to take us up to the little towns where Mother and Dad were born. These little towns are high in the Tyrolian Alps, and we had quite a time locating them on the maps. Our driver told us that he could take us to Malosco, Mother's town, as it was an Alpine village and a summer resort and the main highway passed close by; however, he was a little dubious about getting to Dad's town by automobile. On our way up through the Mendola Pass we passed Lake Caldaro, two beautiful old castles and many ox-carts.

I was very excited when we arrived in Malosco and prayed that we could find my cousin Sandra. We had no trouble at all, it seemed that everyone knew "La Maestra," the teacher, and we were taken to her home. Sandra welcomed us warmly; they had been preparing for us and expecting us, but it seems that Dad made a mistake of one day when he wrote to tell them of our arrival. Hence no welcoming committee at the bus station.

I met my great Aunt Teresina who was my mother's teacher, a tiny little woman of 87 years, very alert and with an amazing memory. Judge Bott, a distant cousin, could speak a little English, so he took K. C. in hand, while Sandra took me around to see the house where mother was born, the church where she was baptized, and the adjoining cemetery where my grandparents and great-grandparents are buried. The church of the Madonna di Tecla is lovely, it has an exquisite baroque altar and a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception. I shed a few tears as I knelt before the graves of my grandparents in the burial plot of "Famiglie Larcher" as memories of the stories my mother had told me of her childhood came rushing back. I could almost feel her beside me as I wandered about, meeting old friends of hers and chatting with Sandra at the community fountain where the women of the village still do their family wash.

I was amazed at my ability to understand everything and also at being able to make myself understood. Sandra was very understanding, I would say a word or two and she seemed to grasp immediately what I was trying to say and help me to find the right words. After lunch Sandra assured the driver that the roads to Salter were passable and she came with us to visit my father's birthplace and his family.

Salter is only eight miles from Malosco; but across the valley and just as remote as if it were in another country. My aunt Justina still lives in Dad's old home—the house is all of 500 years old, made of stone and built to last for centuries. We had a wonderful visit with my aunt and numerous cousins. Barbara and Carol as usual found no language barriers, made friends with all the children of the village, and taught them all to chew gum. My aunt took me to the church of San Blaggio (St. Blaiseff, where my Dad was baptized, and we hiked about a mile to get a view of Il Santuario del San

Remedio in the valley below. I took several pictures of the Sanctuary because I knew Dad would be most interested to have them, as it was here that my Dad hiked each morning to serve Mass, when he was a boy.

Of course we took pictures of everyone and everything and took careful notes because I was sure that I couldn't keep everyone straight in my mind and I would be bombarded with questions by Dad and my sisters when I got home.

My cousin had a delightful tea prepared for us when we returned from the hike, and we met the parish priest who came riding up the hill on his bike, сутane flapping in the breeze. We were reluctant to leave, but our driver warned us that we must get through the pass before dark. We arrived in Bolzano at 7 p.m. and said goodbye to our driver as though we were old friends—he had been so kind and so patient and seemed to enjoy being with us.

At the Hotel we learned that there had been some people inquiring for us and that they would return later that evening. We were all so tired that we groaned at the thought of having to meet anyone else, but after another fine dinner on the terrace we felt somewhat refreshed and ready for another session with the Italian language.

My cousin Rina, one I had never heard of, came for us and insisted on taking us to her apartment on the other side of town. We had a very nice visit with them, and though we weren't the least bit hungry, we couldn't offend them by not eating with apparent relish, the many delicacies they had prepared especially for us. It was 12:30 a.m. when we returned to the hotel and I was too tired to sleep, the strain of trying to make myself understood and translating for K. C. and the girls had been terrific, and I would doze off only to wake up remembering a word or phrase that I could not think of during the day.

### **August 6**

We left Bolzano by bus at 7:30 a.m. Cousin Rina and her family were there to see us off. Our bus was a very fine one but our ride very long and tiring, through three mountain passes: Castaluga, Pordoi and Falzargo. This ride took us through the famous Dolomites and some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, even more beautiful than Switzerland because of the vivid coloring and odd shapes of the mountains. Here, too, one catches the Alpine spirit: we saw people from all over the world with their knapsacks and Alpine sticks, ready and anxious to scale these mighty jagged peaks. We arrived in Cortina in time for lunch: It is an enchanting village nestled among the mountains. After lunch we made a visit to the church of Sts. Peter and Paul and were enthralled with the exquisitely carved statues. We remembered that this was the heart of the woodcarving industry and dashed out to find some to take home.



Bought two lovely Madonnas and some little angels and wished we had time to do more shopping but barely had time to catch our bus.

As we neared Venice the weather turned very warm, and we were dirty, dizzy and tired as we pulled into the huge bus terminal at 7:30 p.m. We were met by our tour representative and transported bag and baggage, by gondola to the Royal Danieli Hotel. What a delightful ride it was—gliding over the cool, calm waters of the canals. The Royal Danieli Hotel, in the very heart of old Venice, is like something out of a dream. All the members of our tour were on hand to greet us and such a welcome you have never seen, we were all so happy to see each other again. We are like a big, happy family and we feel very lucky to be with such wonderful people.

Venice is like no other city in the world, nothing has been changed since the 15th Century, and there is an atmosphere of Romance about it that is indescribable. Although we were very tired, we joined the others in a late stroll through St. Mark's Square. There was a full moon, the square was crowded with Paisanos and tourists. A full symphony orchestra was playing the Finale from Verdi's Aida—we sat on a step and listened in a state of enchantment. When it was over we stood and applauded and shouted as lustily as all those about us. We were still in a state of enchantment when we returned to our rooms and drifted off to sleep.

### August 7

After a good night's sleep and breakfast in our rooms (the coffee is the worst ever) we met in the lobby for a gondola tour of Venice. I can't possibly go into detail about all we saw; so many of the great artists, poets, writers and musicians have lived and worked here. As we glided leisurely along the Grand Canal, our gondolier and guide pointed out the former homes of Verdi, Wagner, Brownings, Byron, Ruskin, D'Annunzio, Marco Polo, and Napoleon, to mention just a few.

We visited the beautiful churches of St. John and St. Paul and St. Mark's Cathedral; also the palace of the Doges, and stood in wonder as we saw the masterpieces of Della Robbia, Titian, Tintoretto, Giotto and Veronizzi. We saw the original Bridge of Sighs, the horrible old dungeons and the Rialto Bridge with its twenty-four shops. We were taken to the factory where the exquisitely delicate Venetian glass is made. We all wanted to buy some pieces of it and did get some beads and a few small things, the larger pieces were too fragile to carry safely and far too expensive to have them mailed.

In the afternoon we fed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square, watched the great clock strike the hours, saw the girls and women making the beautiful Venetian lace and bought several lengths of upholstering fabric—they are wonderful and very reasonable.

After dinner we hired several gondolas and a group of musicians, and the entire group took a moonlight ride through the canals. This is something we will never forget: The night was balmy and the musicians were superb. They sang many Venetian folksongs and arias from Puccini's, Verdi's and Rossini's operas. Even our Gondolier broke into song and on the way back we were all singing "O Sole Mio" at the top of our lungs. Everyone sings in Venice and the voices are beautiful (native voices, that is).

#### August 8

Today we were at leisure, so we decided to go to the famous Lido for a swim in the Adriatic. We went by motor-launch to the Excelsior Hotel, rented a cabana and thoroughly enjoyed a day of swimming and sun-bathing. The waters of the Adriatic are very warm, and there is a long shallow beach of pure white sand. Just before dinner "Old Ironside" capitulated. I finally had my bout with some violent stomach cramps. I received little or no sympathy from Dr. and the girls, as they gleefully rechristened me "Spaghetti-sides."

#### August 9

We were scheduled to leave for Florence on the 11 a.m. train, but there had been a railroad strike and our courier was a bit worried about our being able to get away. None of the rest of us was the least bit worried, we were reluctant to leave this delightful place. Poor Mrs. Vander was a nervous wreck when our train finally pulled out of the station. Our motor launch was late, some baggage had been misplaced and the train was so crowded we could hardly breathe. It was miserably hot and we welcomed the coolness as we rode through miles of tunnels. This road has been cut and tunneled right through the heart of the Apennines. En route we passed through Padua and saw the church of St. Anthony, we crossed the Po river and stopped for a short while in the great university town of Bologna. We were all pretty dirty and wilted when we arrived in Florence at 5:30 p.m. We were taken by auto to the Hotel Astoria, and after a cool shower, a change of clothes and a fine dinner in the cool patio we felt very refreshed, so, as has become our custom, we hired a horsedrawn cab for a preliminary tour of the city. In the moonlight we could see the outlines of the magnificent cathedrals, great buildings and piazzas, and our cabby told us enough to make us anxious for tomorrow.

#### August 10

We arose early and went to 7 o'clock Mass at the magnificent cathedral of Santa Maria Novella. I'm afraid we weren't quite as devout as we should have been—imagine trying to concentrate with the glorious works of Raphael, Michelangelo, Ghiberti and Ghirlandaio all around us. Also the conduct of the paisanos was most distracting; they would wander around, talking in loud voices, paying absolutely no attention to the Holy sacrifice. After breakfast of the

usual rolls and awful coffee, we met our guide, Signor Marchello, a tall fine looking man in his early thirties, who has the reputation of being one of the finest and best informed guides in Europe. He certainly lived up to his reputation. He took us all over Florence, through the galleries, churches, piazzas and palaces. Marchello loves every inch of Florence and through his enthusiastic explanations of paintings, architecture and sculptures we all gained a deep appreciation of the magnificent art treasures of this wonderful city. He seemed especially determined that the children should appreciate the art treasures we were seeing; he took them by hand and explained the development of the Renaissance art, he pointed out the particular genius of the great masters as we stood in breathless wonder before the paintings of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Titian and countless others. Then, lest the youngsters should get tired, he raced them up and down the steps of the great galleries. Barbara and Carol loved him and learned more art in one day than I did in four years of college. They were especially impressed with the Florentine Madonnas and begged us to buy some prints to bring home. So we crossed the Arno River the Ponte Vecchio and in Alineri's, selected some marvelous prints and some beautiful hand-carved frames. I bought some fine beautifully illustrated books, so that when we returned home we could refresh our memories and maybe recapture the thrilling experience of standing before Michelangelo's David, the Venus de Medici, the unbelievably exquisite marble mosaics, Giotto's Campanile and Brunelleschi's Dome on the magnificent Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, the famous Baptistery with its equally famous Ghiberti doors, and Cellini's Perseus.

Just at sunset we rode up to Fiesole to visit the old Roman and Etruscan ruins, and from our vantage point high up on the hill, got a panoramic view of Florence and the surrounding country. On the way we passed many of the beautiful Florentine villas with their fabulous gardens and landscaping. The view of Florence from this hill top is most impressive; she lies in a flat plain with the Arno running through like a silver ribbon toward Pisa. Most impressive were the varied shades of greens; the dark green of the cypress trees, the dusty green of the olives and the bright green of the lawns and meadows all blended into a scene of unsurpassed beauty, by the soft rosy glow of the sunset in the heavenly Italian sky. We had seen so much beauty in this one day that we felt intoxicated by it. Our heads were still spinning as we ate dinner in the patio and then retired early to rest after our strenuous but most enjoyable day.

### **August 11**

Today we had leisure and spent most of it retracing our steps of the day before. We visited the Straw Market and haggled with the shopkeepers. K. C. doesn't agree with me, but I think shopping in the various cities is lots of fun. The men in the tour usually go off

by themselves and the women have the time of their lives looking for bargains. We bought some fine leather hand-bags and handtooled book-covers. Every one in Florence seemed intent on making our stay here a happy one.

At the hotel they are most kind and make a special effort to fix something extra for us at each meal. We have been having a taste of all the famous Italian dishes, Spaghetti, Ravioli, Pizza, Lasagne Verdi, a fine assortment of cheeses, delicious fruits and pastries. After dinner we sent our compliments and thanks back to the chef—he was delighted and came out and bowed like a Prima Donna.

We had all gathered in the lobby for an evening stroll through the city, when we heard music and the sound of marching feet. Barbara and Carol shouted “A Parade” and ran out to watch. Mrs. Vander rushed after them and brought them back. It was a parade alright, a Communist demonstration. A large group of wild-eyed disheveled men and women marching grimly along carrying the banner of hammer and sickle.

After the excitement subsided we took a walk and then stopped at a small cafe and had some *cafe espresso*. It was the first good coffee we tasted since we left home. It is really distilled coffee, very good and very strong. In fact it was so strong that we didn't get to sleep until 3 a.m. We were so wide awake that we didn't even try to sleep; we wrote letters and arranged our luggage. We have been acquiring quite an assortment of “bargains” from my shopping sprees, so it was necessary to buy another suitcase to accommodate it all.

### August 12

At 12:30 p.m., we left Florence and were most reluctant to leave. We realized that we had had only a glimpse of the vast mine of riches contained here, and I offered a silent prayer that it might be possible to return some day to this beautiful and fascinating city.

It was miserably hot, but our train was a good one and the countryside was lovely; rolling hills and mile after mile of vineyards. For the “famiglie Clem”, Rome was the most important city of our tour, and our sense of excitement and anticipation reached an all time high as we crossed the Tiber river and pulled into the great Roman terminal at 4:30 p.m. Our first view of Rome was a little disappointing, because all we could see, as we were whisked by bus to the Hotel Eden, was just another large, modern city.

We had made careful arrangements for an audience with the Holy Father before leaving home; so without waiting to shower or change, we called Monsignor Primeau at the Chicago College. He was most gracious and promised “to get to work on it immediately,” and that we would hear from him the next day.

After a nice dinner on the terrace at 8:30 p.m., we took a stroll



around the city. We were told that no one in Rome (except the crazy Americans) eats dinner before 8:00 p.m. or retires before 2:00 a.m. We defied local customs and retired early, as we were most anxious to get a good rest and be ready bright and early to see the wonders of Rome.

### August 13

Our tour was scheduled for 9:00 a.m., but it was very badly arranged and we wasted precious time waiting for busses and guides. When we finally got started, we realized that there were too many people in the group and very poor guides. I was so thankful that I had my marvelous guide book with me, so we stayed back on the fringe of the group and I read aloud from the book as we went along. Eight American college girls joined us, and we had a fine private tour of our own.

We were taken to the Pantheon, now Sancta Maria ad Martyres; it is of pure classic style and unbelievably beautiful. From here we went to the enormous Vatican Museum with its miles of galleries and fabulous art treasures. Of course we could only catch the highlights; the exquisite Sistine Chapel, the Collections of Antiquities, where we saw the Apollo Belvedere, the apartment of the Borgias, the chapel of Pope Nicholas V with its exquisite frescoes by Fra Angelico, and the magnificent illuminated manuscripts. As our feet carried us, entirely too fast, through the galleries, past priceless and exquisite art treasures, our hearts, minds, and souls seemed to lag behind, begging for extra hours, days, and weeks in which to linger and absorb the beauty and magnificence of the Vatican.

When we returned to our hotel for lunch and a brief rest, a special messenger brought a letter from Msgr. Primeau telling us that the Holy Father would receive the Clem family in "Special Audience" on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption. We were too excited and happy to eat.

Even the intense heat and over-crowded buses couldn't dim our eagerness and enthusiasm for the wonders of Rome; so after a short rest, we visited the Basilicas of St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran and then rode out the old Appian Way to the catacombs. The youngsters had been very anxious to visit the catacombs; but after walking through the dark, cold, clammy tunnels, seeing all the tombs, they were very happy to get back up to the sunlight and heat.

After dinner, we hired a horse and buggy; and in the comparative cool of the evening, we rode out to the Colosseum and the ancient ruins. The buildings, monuments, and fountains are very cleverly illuminated to give the illusion of moonlight. As we paused at the top of the Capitoline and Palatine hills and looked down on the ruins of the Roman Forum, the triumphal arches, and the temple of the Vestal Virgins, mellow and beautiful in the

soft light, we could really feel the grandeur and majesty of ancient Rome.

This was a ride we will long remember, and we were sorry that the rest of our group missed it. Most of them decided to take a night club tour of Rome instead and had urged us to come along. We didn't come to Rome to go night-clubbing; in fact, the very thought of it, here in the Eternal City on the very streets where the Apostles and the Christian Martyrs walked, seemed sacrilegious. We felt indescribably relaxed and peaceful as we said our Rosary to the accompaniment of the hoofbeats of our horse on the cobblestones as we returned to our hotel.

### August 14

Today we were at leisure, and after breakfast we hurried out to buy rosaries and medals to have blessed by the Pope; also lace kerchiefs to wear at the audience. I had promised some of the fencers that I would bring some fencing gloves back, and we wasted an hour looking for them. We were sent from store to store, and finally found one lonely glove that had been made for a left-handed giant. Apparently they are sold at the Fencing Salles, and they are all closed in the summer.

All the stores here in Rome close at noon and re-open at 4:00 o'clock. Many of the shops in Italy close for five days during the August holidays. The Feast of the Assumption (August 15) is the big holiday here, even bigger than our Christmas holiday.

We spent a busy but comparatively quiet day, visiting more of the beautiful churches and wandering about on our own. K. C. hired a car and a driver to take us out to Castel Gandolfo in the morning and bought tickets for the Summer Opera. During the summer, the operas are presented in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. They have made a fine out-door theatre here and stars from La Scala and the Metropolitan perform.

The opera doesn't start until 9:00 p.m.; so after dinner we completed preparations for the next morning, tucked the children in bed, left them in the care of Dr. and Mrs. Dabney and went on with the others.

The opera was "Mefistofele" by Arrigo Boito, and it was a magnificent production. The night was balmy and the music superb. Ezio Pinza was sitting just in front of us. A thoroughly enjoyable evening.

It was 1:00 o'clock before we got back to the hotel, and there waiting for us was a letter from Msgr. Primeau telling us that the Holy Father had developed a severe case of bronchitis and all audiences had been cancelled. I can't ever remember being so disappointed. To make matters worse, both Barbara and Carol were awake, feeling miserable, and running high temperatures.

We got busy with terramicyn and paregoric and finally got them to sleep at 3:00 a.m.

### August 15

In spite of the fact that we had very little sleep, we had to get up early to cancel the car we had hired. The driver charged us 12,000 lire for getting him up so early for nothing. The children were better, but we planned to keep them in bed all day; so K. C. went to early Mass at the nearby Capuchin church and when he returned, I took a taxi to St. Peter's. I took my train case with all the rosaries and medals, hoping to have them blessed in St. Peter's. At the door I was stopped and told that I must check my train case outside. I was so miserable, worried, disappointed, and tired that I began to cry. I went blubbering to one of the Swiss Guards and in my faltering Italian sobbed out my predicament. He patted my shoulder and kindly directed me to a little office where a nice old gentleman helped me empty the contents of my large purse in to the train case and load my rosaries and medals into my purse. I marched into St. Peter's and hailed the first priest I saw and again with tears streaming down my face, told him how my audience had been cancelled and that I wanted to have my things at least blessed in St. Peter's. He was very gentle and kind, took me by the hand and led me to an English-speaking priest who in turn took me to one of the confessors who had special faculties. I knelt before him and spread all my things out on the confessional. He blessed them for me, gave me his blessing, and explained the Indulgences he had put on the rosaries and crucifixes. He told me not to feel so sad and to say some prayers for the Holy Father.

Feeling much better, I heard Mass at one of the lovely side chapels right below the tomb of St. Matilda. After this Mass, a Cardinal celebrated Solemn Pontifical High Mass at the High Altar. Only the Pope or a specially authorized Cardinal celebrates Mass at this altar and only on high festivals. I found a spot as close as I could get, and knelt there at peace with the world, completely carried away by the beautiful services and the magnificent music of the great organ and the men and boys' choir.

Then I took out my trusty guide book and really saw St. Peter's; the beautiful white marble monuments of the Popes, the exquisite chapels, mosaics, altars, paintings, statues, and the heavenly Pietà of Michelangelo. I think that this Pietà is the most beautiful piece of sculpturing in the world. The figures, carved from white marble, are so exquisitely done that they seem to breathe.

I marked my book as I went along, and went around again to make sure I hadn't missed anything. Then I took the lift to the dome and looking down on the interior, the people looked like ants crawling around. From this level I climbed the thousands

of steps up narrow spiral staircases—up, up, and up to the very top of the huge dome. It was well worth the effort. From here we could see all of Rome, its seven hills, the Mediterranean sparkling in the distance, and directly below, a complete view of Vatican City.

Here again, a very nice priest took me in tow and pointed out everything to me. It was a wonderful three hours; at last I found what I hoped to find in Rome. Here in St. Peter's, I felt that I really belonged, I was a part of all this—it belonged to me. How aptly Longfellow described this feeling:

*'Tis the Centre  
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest  
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities  
That please us for a while, but Rome alone  
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all  
A second native land by predilection,  
And not by accident of birth alone.*

I took a taxi back to the hotel and found K. C. and the girls in fine spirits; they were feeling much better. We ordered a light lunch brought to our rooms; and after a siesta, the girls urged us to go ahead with the others on the 3:00 o'clock tour.

This was another grand experience, and we covered a lot of ground. We went out to the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, wandered through the ruins of ancient pagan temples, visited the churches of St. Martin and St. Luke, St. Peter in Chains, St. Paul's Outside the Walls, and the Colosseum. We entered the Colosseum through the "door of death" where the remains of the early Christian Martyrs were carried from the arena. It was a sobering experience, and our usually happy group, made up of Christians, Jews, and Agnostics, was very quiet on the ride back to the hotel.

We had an early dinner and left Rome by sleeper at 9:00 p.m. I would never advise anyone to visit Rome in the summer; it is too tiring. We drove ourselves unmercifully for three days to see as much as possible, and we were emotionally and physically exhausted. The heat was something awful; while waiting for the train to pull out of the station, the perspiration was rolling off of all of us. However, our train was first class and our compartment very nice, and it was some cooler, once we got under way. We all took a sedative to insure a much needed rest and retired immediately.

#### **August 16**

All of us had a good night's sleep and felt refreshed and rested. Barbara and Carol were completely over their upset and were in great spirits. Our ride took us along the Italian Riviera, in sight



of the Mediterranean all the way, and the scenery was gorgeous. We crossed the French border at 10:00 a.m., and in the distance we could see Monte Carlo and Monaco.

At 11:30 a.m., we arrived at Nice; and after looking at the beautiful Mediterranean all morning, we could hardly wait to take a swim. Our hotel, the Angleterre, is just a half block from the beach, so we got into our suits immediately. We were surprised to find that there was no sand; the beach is all stones and pebbles. Our poor feet took a beating getting to the water; but once in, we really had a wonderful swim. There is a gentle surf—mostly swells, and the water is perfect in temperature. We felt very Victorian in our one-piece bathing suits. Everyone here—men, women, and children—wears Bikini suits. Why, we can't figure out. They are very unflattering even to the most perfect figure and completely impractical for swimming. Try to imagine a woman in her 50's, weighing over 200 pounds, in one of them. Such sights we never hope to see again!!!

After dinner, we strolled over to the Casino. There was a parade celebrating the close of the August holiday, very much like the Mardi Gras—floats, confetti, serpentine, and street dancing. We had a fine view of everything from the Casino balcony. Later, we decided to watch the gambling. In order to get into the gambling rooms, you must show your passport and fill out a long form. I was regarded with suspicion when I wrote that I was born in Wyoming—seems they had never heard of it. We played a little Roulette and won 800 Francs. It is still quite warm, but the ocean breeze helps a lot.

### August 17

A tour to Monte Carlo and Monaco was scheduled for us, but most of us passed it up for a day of resting and swimming. We went to Mass at Sacre Coeur, a tiny but lovely old church. It seemed strange being in a small church after the massive basilicas of Florence and Rome.

The rest of the day we spent on the beach. A strong, hot wind had come up and there was a pounding surf. It was hard to get in the water without being knocked down, and we were all a bit bruised from the rocks. I have never seen such deep blue water. It was a wonderfully relaxing day.

When we went into the dining room for dinner, we met some old friends of Doctor's from Santa Ana. They were returning from the Olympic games at Helsinki; their son was on the American Water Polo team. We had been most anxious to hear the results of the games, especially the diving and fencing. They had lots of pictures and the complete results, so we spent an interesting evening with them and were so happy to learn that Pat McCormick had won first in both diving events.

**August 18**

We left early in the morning for a trip through the Alps and a tour of Grasse and Cannes. We passed through many old and interesting villages similar to those in Switzerland and the Italian Tyrol. At Grasse, the great perfume manufacturing center, we were taken through one of the huge factories and watched the perfumes and soaps being made. Of course, we put on samples of perfume; and when we boarded the bus, the air fairly reeked—even the men had soaked their handkerchiefs in Channel No. 5.

We stopped at fashionable Cannes, strolled down the famous Promenade de la Croisette, and peeked through the portholes of some of the fabulous yachts anchored in the harbor. We weren't too impressed, however; we all thought that there were many places on the California coast that were more beautiful; except, of course, for the glorious shade of blue of the Mediterranean.

There was time for one last swim when we got back to Nice. The water was calm, and we hated to get out, but we were leaving Nice on the night train for Paris, so we had to have an early dinner and get our things packed; it was the first time we were cool since leaving Switzerland.

**August 19**

It was still raining when we woke up, and the beautiful French countryside looked very familiar. We arrived in Paris at 9:00 a.m., and it felt like coming home. To me, Paris is the most beautiful big city in the world; I love it. After breakfast, we hurried out to finish up any last minute shopping because I wanted all the next day free to visit some of the places I had missed and revisit some of our favorites. There was a gentle rain all day, and at 7:00 o'clock it started to pour, so we decided to have dinner in our rooms. We had a cozy dinner of wonderful soup and French rolls. Ah! the French cooking!

**August 20**

We went early to the Montmartre, strolled through the funny little streets, and visited the picture galleries—tiny little shops full of water colors and oil paintings—some good and some awful. We came along the left bank of the Seine and had lunch in a little Brasserie. Lunch consisted of a ham sandwich made on a fourteen inch long French roll, hard boiled eggs, pastries, and drinks for less than 50¢ each. French food (am I repeating myself?) is terrific!

K. C. and the girls decided to take a nap, so I set out alone for my last tour of Paris. What a nice afternoon I had! It had started to rain, so equipped with slicker and drizzle boots, I really covered the city. I revisited Notre Dame, La Madeleine, and Sacre Coeur, and browsed to my heart's content among the book stalls on the Left

Bank. I ran into our courier, Mrs. Vandor, and she took me to one of her favorite shops to buy a French chapeau. What fun I had, and what a cute little hat I bought!

I arrived back at the hotel slightly damp and loaded with packages. Cocktails were being served, so I quickly changed and freshened up. There is always a gathering of the clan before dinner, much talking and comparing of purchases. This being our last night in Paris, we all went together for a gala dinner. We had our first taste of Escargots (snails) and found them delicious, taste much like clams on the half-shell. We must have taken three hours over dinner and we all enjoyed the food, company, and conversation. We toyed with the idea of "doing the town" with the others, but I guess we're not the night-club type, because the idea of going to bed seemed far more appealing.

#### **August 21**

There was a lot of last minute packing and checking of baggage, as we were leaving for Cherbourg at noon. Before leaving, we had lunch at our favorite side-walk cafe. We were wistfully happy at the thought of starting for home, yet sorry to be leaving the continent, and we all talked of coming back.

The landscape we found so lovely on our way into Paris on July 14th, seemed even more lovely on the way back; there is a calm, serene beauty about it that fascinates us.

The "Queen Mary" was on hand to greet us when we arrived in Cherbourg at 6:15 p.m. We all got very excited as we spotted our friends, the Severis, waving to us from the promenade deck. We hurried to our staterooms (just as luxurious as before), and after a bit of washing up, headed for our old table in the dining room. Our friends, the waiters, stewards, and other personnel, were on hand to greet us and we felt very much at home. We displayed our continental savoir-faire by ordering Escargots, and our waiters, with a twinkle in their eyes, served them with an air of studied disgust, holding their noses and turning their heads. We spent the rest of the evening unpacking and getting things in order for the voyage home. The clocks will be retarded an hour each day; so, creatures of habit that we are, we will be getting sleepy earlier and getting up earlier.

#### **August 22**

Today is Barbara's thirteenth birthday. We all went to early Mass, but can't take too much credit; we woke up earlier. Barbara, as "queen for a day," had her whole day carefully planned. She took a swim before breakfast, waited an hour, then into the pool again, played in the gym, lunch, siesta, movies (will I never learn?) cinema, afternoon snack, deck sports, dinner, party, until she finally

gave up and reluctantly went to bed. K. C. and I just loafed—we hadn't realized how tired we were.

We dressed in our fanciest clothes for dinner; and at the request of the chief steward, took the youngsters into the cocktail lounge for champagne (alias ginger ale) cocktails. The orchestra played and sang "Happy Birthday to Barbara" and the ship's photographer took her picture. After dinner of Escargots and frogs' legs, there was a huge birthday cake especially made for her. We took the cake to our stateroom where some of our friends had gathered with gifts. "Queenie" reigned in bug-eyed excitement for a couple of hours and then, still in a state of blissful enchantment, was persuaded to go to bed. She dropped off to sleep murmuring, "This is the most wonderful birthday I have ever had."

#### **August 23**

As expected, we were awake at dawn. There was quite a wind, and the sea was rough. We found it a little difficult to keep our balance as we knelt during Mass and were a bit apprehensive for the Monsignor who was saying it; his complexion turned a pale green towards the end, and we all breathed a sigh of relief at the last Amen. There weren't too many in the dining room for breakfast, but the waiters weren't a bit surprised to see the Clem family nor hear their usual order of fruit, ham, eggs, and muffins.

Swimming was a little tricky as the water was pouring over the deck. The pool attendants decided that it was too dangerous and drained the pool. After luncheon, we all took a nice long nap.

The roughness of the sea was a bit disconcerting because we had sent invitations to all the members of the tour for a late supper and party in our staterooms. The stewards outdid themselves in the preparations; the rooms were all "dolled up" and the food looked marvelous. Our friends (fortified with dramamine) appeared on schedule, and we had a nice, but somewhat drowsy evening, re-living some of the highlights of the past two months.

#### **August 24**

The wind had died down during the night, and the sea was like a mill pond when we woke up; the weather was considerably warmer. We had been advised to prepare our declarations for the customs officers, so we spent most of the day sorting out our purchases and trying to find all our bills. We did manage to find time for the usual swim; and after dinner, we took in the cinema.

#### **August 25**

Our last day on board, and we all feel wonderful; the rest has done us a world of good, and the knowledge that we are getting close to the good old U. S. A. contributes greatly to our sense of well-being.



There was a great amount of visiting back and forth and saying of last good-byes. We can all feel the mounting excitement; everyone seems anxious and happy to be getting home. I am just as anxious as the rest, and yet I know that there will be many times in the future when I'll wish I were back aboard this beautiful ship, on the receiving end of all this service.

Our last dinner was a memorable one, and the Crepe-Suzettes were prepared with the greatest flourish and dramatic timing. After dinner the children tore around getting autographs, exchanging addresses, and making solemn promises to write to everyone. They were so keyed up that it was hard to get them to bed.

### **August 26**

Awakened at 4:00 a.m., knew it would be impossible to go back to sleep, so I went up on deck and watched the sunrise and caught the first glimpse of land at 5:30 a.m. The mounting excitement of the day before, really reached a climax when we caught sight of the Statue of Liberty.

There was a short session with the immigration officers on board ship, and we were prepared for a long and tiresome wait to go through customs, but we got through in a breeze. The customs officer looked over our declaration sheets and passed us through without even opening our luggage. I guess we didn't look like the diamond smuggling type.

New York looked very good to us and our cab driver was gracious and courteous. The American Legion convention was in full swing; and after checking in at the hotel, we joined the throngs and watched two hours of the ten hour parade. This was a real welcome home, ticker tape, flags, and bands.

Our friend, Mr. Solodar, got tickets for the St. Louis vs. Yankee baseball game, and he took us out to Yankee Stadium via the Subway (quite an experience). We saw a fine game, and even my Yankees helped change our first impression of New York by winning the game with a home run in the last of the ninth. The girls were more interested in the refreshments, especially the hot dogs. "Filet Mignon is all right; but for real eating, give me a hot dog," said Carol between gulps.

We couldn't get over how much New York had changed in two months; the people were friendlier, and the weather cooler, and we liked everything about it. Of course, the fact that we were so happy to be back in the United States might have had something to do with it.

### **August 27**

We left New York from La Guardia Airport, via United Airlines

at 9:00 a.m., E.D.S.T. We were a little over on baggage allowance and K. C. patiently pointed out that some of my European bargains had become pretty costly.

Due to the fact that we could hardly wait to get to Los Angeles, we had expected the hours to drag, but an electrical storm helped relieve the monotony, especially when lightning struck one of the wings. The storm was short-lived, and the rest of the flight was beautiful—clear most of the way. As we were able to pick out familiar landmarks, our elation and sense of well-being increased. The joy and anticipation we experienced in planning and starting out on this wonderful adventure could only be matched by the joy and anticipation we experienced as we came in for a landing and realized that we were safely home.

---

## Alumnæ News

A valuable contribution of four volumes to our library was received as a Christmas gift from MRS. EDWARD LAURENCE DOHENY. The gift included a copy of the sixth edition (1879) of Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*. Richly bound in leather with fine gold tooled border, in excellent condition. In 1953 the volume was further enriched by a fore-edge painting of Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, executed by Vera Eleanore Dutter. A detailed catalog of the Bibles of the Estelle Doheny Collection, at St. John's Seminary, Camarillo, California, includes historical data and facsimiles of some manuscript pages. A volume entitled *Italian Manuscripts of the Pierpont Morgan Library*, contained a descriptive survey of the principal illuminated manuscripts of the sixth to the sixteenth centuries with a selection of important letters and documents. It also includes a concordance. Enriched with plates both in color and in black and white, from both pagan and classical writers, also manuscripts with plates from Sacramentaries, Missals, Books of Hours, and Biblical texts, the religious selections form the predominant feature of the volume.

The fourth volume is a subscription item No. 43 of *Ilias Ambrosiana*, the original Homeric codex from which the reproduction was made. It now consists of loose leaves of parchment cut out of a manuscript of the *Iliad* previous to the XIII century.

The possibility of this phototype edition of the codex is largely due to Mgr. Achille Ratti (later Pope Pius XI) and Mgr. Antonio Maria Ceriani. Some believe that the pictures date from the third century A.D., but this has not yet been proven.

The Mount pioneered Catholic college television in Los Angeles when it presented an Advent Pageant on KTLA TV, the Paramount station, December 6th, at 11:00 a.m. This live show distinguishes the Mount as the first Catholic college to produce a full length TV program in the Los Angeles area, and as the first college to be featured on KTLA's religion series which has been featuring a cross-section of students from the city's campuses.

The pageant scenes, against the refrains of *Veni, Veni, Emmanuel* brought forth the three Advent images of Isaias the prophet, John the Baptist, and Our Lady. Added to the pageant was the timely sermon on the day's Mass by Father Lynch, a Paulist priest from St. Paul's in Westwood. The program was concluded with the Magnificat.

The cast of forty-nine included the student singing choir and chorus, ROSEMARY SAAL, and AGNES SPRITSMA, seraphs; JOYCE MARKEL, the archangel Gabriel; TOM ATER, Isaias; LADD SZAREK, John the Baptist; BOB RYAN, CHUCK ROBINSON, pharisees; MARY BARTON, Mary; and FRANK HANLEY, narrator. The training, coaching, and directing were shared by SISTER IGNATIA, SISTER CELESTINE, Mr. HAGEDORN and Mr. HANLEY.

It is hoped that this significant event is only the advent of the part Catholic students can take in the growing religious movement to bring God into every home through every kind of communication. The congratulations received gave proof that the whole archdiocese was interested. The Very Rev. Msgr. Browsers, who had been instrumental in having the Mount chosen for the show, told the sisters he was very well pleased.

*The Hound of Heaven*, the musical setting of which as a cantata for full orchestra was composed by Sister M. Celestine of the college music department was presented by the College orchestral and choral groups at St. Paul's Auditorium. The presentation was asked for by Miss EDITH KING, an alumna, president of the Aquinian Guild, a group of Catholic public school teachers.

The sudden death of Miss King a week before the date set for the performance did not interfere with its presentation, which was carried on in her memory for, as her colleagues urged, "She was so eager for its success."

Dr. Will Garroway directed the cantata, with Mr. Ellis of the Burbank Symphony as soloist.

AZILDA CHARBONNEAU, '49, Home Economics Major, won a competitive scholarship to the University of London on the topic of "Adequacy of Diets in European Countries." She returned to the States, taught in a California high school a year, and recently returned to Europe; she will teach in Dublin, Ireland, commencing January 1954.

MONICA GOSNELL, MARCIA WILLIAMS, and KAY KNAUF of the class of '53 won fellowships: Marcia to Goucher College in Education, Monica to U.S.C. in Social Welfare, and Kay to Catholic University in Social Welfare.

JEANNE KINGSTON and LAVON LAND are teaching in the American School for the Army Personnel at Stuttgart, Germany. The former is teaching in the elementary department and the latter in Home Economics. They are rooming together, and as they are in the American Zone they have interesting side-trips, with Thanksgiving in Vienna and Christmas in Rome.

Mrs. Lee Owens (ERICA ORTH), secondary teacher, after a year's leisurely tour of Europe, is at home in Fontana, California, with her college education enriched by an extensive travel education.

LILIAS BURDEN, working as medical technician at Mercy Hospital, San Diego, has been notified that she passed both the National and State examination in Medical Technology. This gives her State certification with the right to add M. T. to her name and ranks her a pathological assistant. LILLIAN PEREYRA is at Fordham, working for an M. A. She writes that she is going to take two years for it and teach part time in a Catholic high school in New York City next year.

The Alumnae Association has voted to concentrate its efforts on a fund for a badly needed Music and Arts building.

The Mount St. Mary's Guild has also been most unselfish in their efforts and most generous in their contributions to the building fund.

Recent arrivals in our Alumnae family circles include Molly Ann, daughter of Dick and Pat (BECKER) O'Brien; Robert Michael, son of Bill and Joan (HEROLD) Hogan; Timothy Joseph, son of Gay and Angela (McDONALD) Kay; Michelle Marie, daughter of Bob and Mary Claire (O'BRIEN) Pettit; Mary Therese, daughter of John and Jean-nelle (McDONALD) Stehly; Martha Lucienne, daughter of Herb and Geraldine (BIGGS) McGrath; a daughter to Don and Deenie (IBBETSON) Schrank.